

**EXHIBIT 19**

It was a typical night at Langans, the watering hole of NY Post reporters and editors. I had just had a rough day – fielding phone calls about a cover story that I was working on for my Latin section. There were four of us – all females talking industry lingo—who fucked who, who got a good story. We were all on our second drink when the editor of the paper, the burly and cantacorous Col Allan walked in. Normally, he would skip right by and make a beeline to the guys -- or at least he would always skip by me-- but his assistant was in the group so he chatted us up. Allan, the feared editor of the paper -- was in a chipper mood that night—and I don't even think he knew why. None really had been able to reasonably predict what got him chipper. Well, there were at least two things, winning on a horse race or beating the Snooze, otherwise known as the Daily News, our competition. (The paper of record, the New York Times, did not even make it into his most hated register, that liberal rag (his words, not mine) was hypocritical. You know, it stood on a moral journalistic high ground, poppoing usm, the tabloid, about being biased, when in fact, there were so many instances either conflict of interest raised red flags from Columbia to the Puynter Institute. )

Suffice it to say, he was by all accounts in good spirits.

Allan, a 5'11" mate, knickenaed Cavas Jack, coz he wd get drunk start giths and end of uo the floer regaled us with stories. Besides my mother -- he is one of the best storyteller I'd ever hear tell a tale. Tonight was all about Steve Dunleavy, the NY Post cdunk cunlist who is a legend in the City jouranlsim cicles. He -- the acoloholci who once was a star reporter brought to this side of the world b fdear fired Rupert Murdoch -- has many stories. And Allan, has witnessed many of them. In his time, Duleavyhe broke many a story. But by the time I got to the post he was a waliing cadavaer --one skinny leg on the side of the dead, and one, at the bar stool at the local pub.

At least he had a paying job. Ohm ots good to be a FOR -- friend of Rupert,

That night, the editor shared a story about th time dunleavy fucked a gorgeous female fan in the bar's closet. The punch line -- her leg stuck out for all to see while he pummeled her for ours. The girls laughed I ewwwed. Its not that I stand on any high moral ground -- just the thought of anyone fucking a near dead drunk skeleton was not funny. I fuck for pleasure -- and this semmed more like torture. Anyway, the editor was on a roll, and when he is on a roll, the man is on a roll. Lwedwer and leweder. Not self s=censorship. His Assie accent gets thicker, his comedic timing sharper, and his charm less subtle and a lot more comortale around the ladies. Its legendary that he does not know how to haddle himself fournd preety women. He only befriends ugly femle editors -- the she males.

Then, he pulls out his new blacknerry and asks ladies, what do you think And he show us an images of a man, naked, with his dangling cock,

I adjust my eyes, I know the two stellas are not enough to have me seeing nake male cokes on my boss blackberry...

The only thing I could respond , as she showed me this picture was – how Chelsea of you. (Chelsea is the Gay capital of the northwaest. So, this was a very gay – and hense – normal thing to do on my hood.) Another colleage called him a freak. The bberry went around . I remememebr laugheter – but not of the sort that shows a good time – rather the one that is confused, baffled, weirded out. He told us the freak was the Sunday edir who emailed it to him. Certainly not funny.

Just another night working at the NY Post.

If I tell you that this was an isolated incident, I'd be exaggerating. I mean, this isa trhe edotr of the NY Post. The editor who hosted the a candiatge for the Austirilian prme ministsty -- a conservative mate -- for some makle bodnign whike he visitee nYC for some male ndongin at scores where the candate allegedly got serviced by a strupper and so did my boss – his was a blow job.

Sex talkm sex play, lewd behaviours was the norm – and we all came to expect the xrated. It wasn;t just what we covered, it was us, the people behind the great headlines,juicy gossip, nreaking sotgyr and soukuko

You had two choicnes, to partake or be out of the lookm and therefore any chance of pormtion, Where I drew the line was fucking kissing and or fondling another collage, all things that most of my colleagues at one tme – eother drinks or sber – partook in.